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NEAR MYTHS

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ISSUE 4

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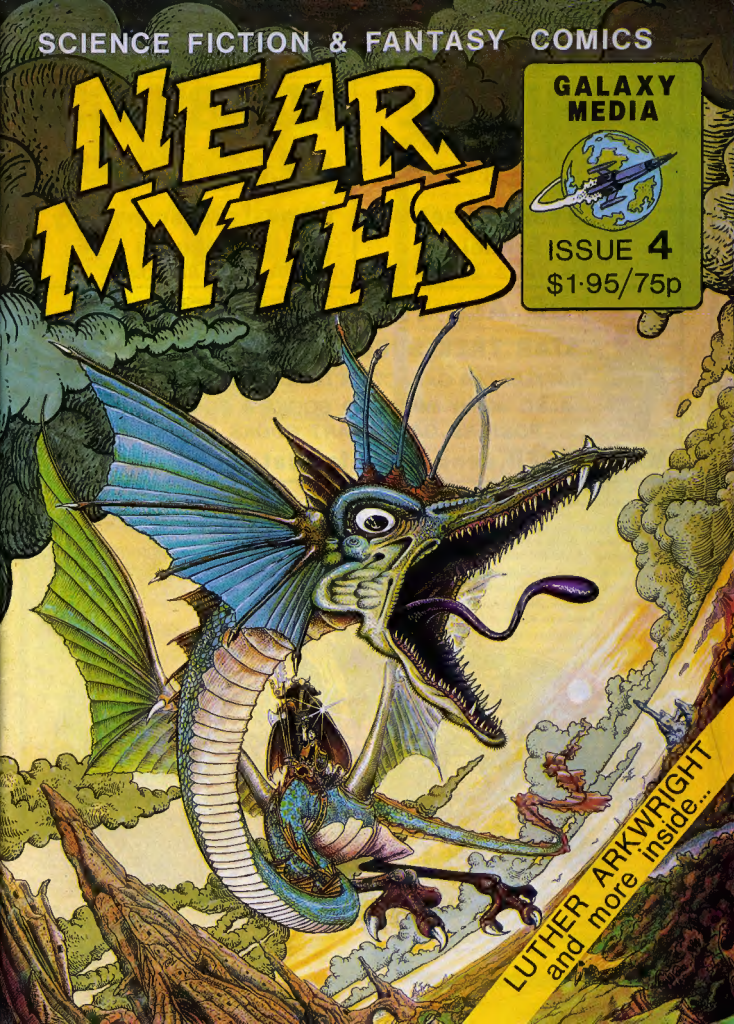

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NEAR MYTHS

Vol. 1 No. 4

40 West Crosscauseway, Edinburgh,

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NEAR MYTHS is published as a science fiction and fantasy comic primarily for adults although is suitable for older children. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

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SEPTEMBER 1979

EDITORIAL

Flicking through our mail, it seems that one of the most regular statements made is, "It's great to see a British comic, but why aren't there more?" After editing **Near Myths** for a year, the answer is now apparent.

There are two major factors involved: The first of these is an incredible apathy within the trade as far as any comic not aimed at the children's market is concerned, unless, of course, it is backed up with a five figure advertising budget. The process of getting a comic on the streets involves three stages—(1) distribution, (2) wholesale, (3) retail. Finding a national distributor, is still reasonably easy, however the next two stages can be so difficult as to appear, at times, impossible. Both wholesalers and retailers come out with such gems as, "Adults don't read comics"—need I say more? This very attitude is responsible for the rapid growth of specialist shops in Britain; unfortunately however, these are not yet numerous enough to sell out a comic.

The other factor is a little known law, which effectively says that if you publish or sell a comic which is considered offensive to children, you can be prosecuted. This is the case, even if the cover makes it perfectly clear that the comic is for sale to adults only. The only way out is to prove that the comic is art; however, attempting this is generally impractical as the costs involved in fighting an action of this kind are outside the budget of most non-established publishers.

Therefore for all of you who read comics and are interested in the extent to which they are moulded by external forces, I have prepared the following statements.

(1) No comic artist/writer can escape censorship, be it self imposed, editorial or legislative.

(2) The editor/publisher must act as censor since it is he/she who will be prosecuted.

(3) The limits within which the artist/scriptwriter can work are extremely narrow if the content is to be of sufficient mentality to be adult and yet totally non-offensive to children.

(4) No comic will be produced for any reasonable financial return unless the majority of sales are overseas.

(5) Until it becomes generally accepted that adults do read comics, they will not be generally available from news stands.

(6) No artist/scriptwriter will ever earn a decent living from drawing comics the way they want to unless they sell their material abroad.

In summing up, I would like to say that most of these problems are unique to Britain; on a personal note, I would say also that these problems go beyond comics into other fields. Despite all this, I will continue to publish **Near Myths** as often as can be afforded on the premise that things can only improve—I am sure that the comic can survive despite the problems. Anyway enough's enough, and I hope that you get as much enjoyment from **Near Myths 4** as we have had putting it together.

Rob King

THIIRANIA
A SAVAGE, BUT STRANGELY BEAUTIFUL WORLD.... WHICH LIES FAR AWAY ON THE OUTER RIM OF THE SKRITON STAR SYSTEM.
IT IS MID-DAY, AND A SLUMBEROUS QUIET HAS DESCENDED OVER THE BIO-FOREST, DISTURBED ONLY BY A FORAGING HERD OF RAFKAS ...WHO SEEM UNAFFECTED BY THE SWELTERING HEAT.
TONY
ZZZZZZZ
ZZZ
SKWAAK!
A SMALL HUDDLED FIGURE DOZES FITFULLY ON THE SCALY, HUMPED BACK, OF THE LARGEST AND THE MOST FEROCIOUS WINGED CREATURE ON THIIRANIA.... THE DREADED SKARTH-DRAGON!!
ZZZ UGNN!
YAWN!
SKAWK!
YAWN! BY ALL THE GODS, SKAR! .....WILL YOU SHUT-UP AND LET ME SLEEP...PLEASE.

YAWN!
SKAWK!
THE SLEEPY-EYED WARRIOR IS AS YET UNAWARE OF THE GREAT DANGER WHICH THREATENS HIS LIFE FOR HE HAS BEEN SIGHTED BY A LARGE PACK OF... ...GARGILS!! THE BAT-WINGED CARNIVOROUS HUNTERS OF THE SKIES.....

WITH A SAVAGE BLOOD LUST SEETHING IN THIER CC_D EVIL HEARTS...WITH RAZOR-SHARP TALONS OUT-STRETCHED AND FANGED JAWS AGAPE.... THEY SWOOPED DOWN TOWARD THEIR PREY!
TONY

SKAR'S SHRILL WARNING CRY, SCARCELY PREPARES HIM FOR THE ATTACK.. OF THESE FIERCE AND TERRIBLE WINGED DEMONS
EEK!
BY ALL THE GODS!
...FOR EVERYONE THAT I KILL ANOTHER JUST TAKES IT'S PLACE!
AAAIEEE!!
WHY DID I EVER RISK A FLIGHT THRU THE BADLANDS..? MY IMPATIENCE TO RETURN HOME JUST MAY HAVE COST ME MY LIFE!
..THESE BAT-THINGS ARE NORMALLY MUCH SMALLER AND USUALLY THEY HUNT ALONE. WHAT, I WONDER, HAS CHANGED THEM INTO SUCH VIOLENT AND BLOODTHIRSTY CREATURES?
HAH! IF SKAR ISN'T SCARED THEN NOR AM I..?

EEEEEYA
ARROGHWW!
AND IF IT'S MY DEATH THAT THEY ARE AFTER!

THEY SHALL FIND THAT I, KE-REZ THE SON OF KORDAN THE WARLORD DOES NOT, DIE EASILY!
A WIRE NOOSE DROPS FROM ABOVE ENCIRCLES HIS TORSO AND TIGHTENS...

UGNH!
KE-REZ IS YANKED BODILY FROM HIS SADDLE, THE WIRE NOOSE SCRATCHES AND TEARS AT HIS FLESH...
BUT THAT IS THE LEAST OF HIS WORRIES AS HE IS BORNE ALOFT BY HIS CAPTORS
WHAT FATE AWAITS ME NOW? IF THEY ATTACK, I AT LEAST HAVE THIS KNIFE FOR MY DEFENCE....

WHY ARE'NT THEY ATTACKING... ..PERHAPS I'M ONLY BEING SPARED UNTIL THEY REACH THEIR LAIR?
WELL...! ONE THINGS FOR CERTAIN... I'M NOT GOING TO HANG AROUND HERE TO FIND OUT!!
KER-EZ SLASHES WILDLY AT THE CORD WITH HIS KNIFE..?! SEEMINGLY PREFERRING TO PLUMMET EARTHWARD'S TO CERTAIN DEATH... RATHER THAN TO PERSONALLY WITNESS THE GRISLY FATE WHICH CERTAINLY LIES BEFORE HIM IF HE REMAINS IN THE CLUTCHES OF HIS FEARED AND DREADED CAPTORS THE GARGILS!
AAAAAAAAAAGH!

SWOOSH!
SKARR!
GAUGH!
WHAP!
IN ANSWER TO TO IT'S MASTERS URGENT CRIES FOR HELP.. SKAR RACES THRU THE SKIES TO INTERCEPT THE SWIFTLY FALLING FIGURE OF KER-EZ HIS OWNER... ...AND FRIEND!
KER-EZ TURNS TO WAVE A TAUNTING FAREWELL TO THE NOW DISTANT FIGURES OF HIS THWARTED ATTACKERS...
SKRAWK!
SKWAK!
...CONFIDENT THAT SKAR WILL EASILY ELUDE THE PERSUING GARGILS, AND FLY HIM SAFELY HOMEWARDS... OUR TIRED AND RELUCTANT HERO NOW RESUMES HIS ..... RECENTLY INTERRUPTED SLEEP.....!?
Fin

NOVELS SOF

TALES FROM THE EDGE

The totalitarian **Amarahn Empire** has spread like a pestilence across a score of galaxies. Dissension-conspiracies are rife, and power-hungry entities exploit entire planetary systems for diverse ends.

Sebastian Shade, intergalactic wanderer and opportunist is hired anonymously to locate **Jalen Starvensk**, ex empire scientist and latterly legendary revolutionary leader, inventor of a prototype **Warp Apparatus**, which, rumour has it, enables him to move at will in space and time.

Starvensk had disappeared along with **Lord M'arak**, unscrupulous and self-serving member of the **Amarahn** high-command, under mysterious circumstances.

Shade, following a lead in an underworld bar on the city planet **Algol IV**, an air-car chase is rendered unconscious.

He awakens aboard the **'Hedonis'**, private space yacht of **R. D. Snakesgirth**, racketeer, and leader of the "Syndicate" in that sector of the galaxy. Taken before **Snakesgirth's** second in command, the enigmatic **Countess De-Ouinoey, Shade** is told that they know of his mission, and that they too seek **Starvensk**, ostensibly because he, and a band of guerillas stole one of their smuggling craft. It was carrying an incredibly valuable cargo—1 billion credits worth of **molochite**, the most highly-fissionable and unstable substance known.

Sebastian is given a choice—find **Starvensk** for them, or they will turn him over to the **C.D.C.**—the Empire's feared **Secret Police**, who, unknown to anyone have been monitoring **Shade's** movements since he arrived on **Algol IV.**

Colonel Kanuer, sinister and dangerously unstable Head of the C.D.C., in company with the insidious and gross **Archbishop Slith**, are also seeking **Starvensk**—they wish to gain control of the knowledge he possesses, and use it to further their own diabolical ends.

The **Countess** informs Sebastian that **Starvensk** has been sighted on **Kattalus**, the dread prison planet, and at that point the **'Hedonis'** is raided by the Algol Federal Police, and **Shade**, abandoned by his captors is left to their tender mercies.

Sentenced to 20 years on **Kattalus, Sebastian** has little option but to bide his time, so he is transported to the prison planet and incarcerated.

Meanwhile, **Archbishop Slith**, having kept **Sebastian** under constant surveillance since his arrest, is playing a double game at least. Unknown to his fellow conspirator he arrives on **Kattalus** and seeks out **Governor Kraeven**, embittered and vindictive half-brother to **Kanser. Slith** feeds on **Kraeven's** jealousy and frustrated ambition in an attempt to gain his aid in his plan to snare **Starvensk.**

Sebastien's escape is to be arranged and his movements are to be closely watched, but before the plan can be put into operation, **Shade** takes the initiative and breaks out first.

Having crashed his stolen air-car in the jungle, **Sebastian** unexpectedly encounters **Horothaxes**—an old colleague from the days of his involvement with revolutionary politicts.

Horothaxes seems to be expecting him, and **Sebastian** by now aware that he is somehow being manipulated, accompanies him to an ancient ruined temple—the base of a guerilla band to which **Horothaxes** belongs. A band led by none other than **Jalen Starvensk!**

Starvensk, paranoid, and obsessed with his self-imposed messianic role, hints darkly of his master-plan to destroy the power of the Empire.

He tells **Sebastian** that he has arranged for his presence on **Kattalus** because he wishes to exploit his expertise in covert operations.

Shade is to lead a raid on the **Island Bio-Genetic Research Complex** on **Kattalus**, the purpose of which is to assassinate a scientist there whose work may endanger **Starvensk's** plan.

If he refuses he is to be killed.

Reluctantly, **Sebastian** agrees, and the raiding party sets off on its mission . . .

LUTHER ARKWRIGHT

Across the parallel worlds, war is continuously being waged for their control between various mysterious organisations known collectively as "Disruptors". Working through indigenous agents they have manipulated the course of history to their own ends in many different continuums. Recently the Disruptors have gained possession of a weapon capable of destruction on a cosmic scale. The weapon, named "Firefrost" has now been activated and, working by geometrical progression it will not stop until everything is destroyed. Everything we presume including the Disruptors.

The only technologically-advanced parallel existing in complete harmony with itself is termed by its own numbering system, PARA 00-00-00. This continuum has for decades been a balancing force to counter Disruptor activities. Now, as a last ditch attempt to locate Firefrost before the holocaust, Arkwright, a psychic and 00-00-00's prime agent has been sent to a pre-selected parallel (00-72-87) to force the Disruptor's hand.

This merely involves organising a World War.

The 1st phase of 'Project Ragnarok' has been completed—An alliance, bound by treaty, has been formed between Czarist Russia and the Great Prussian Empire. The object is the invasion of Britain ostentaciously to overthrow Cromwell's puritan fascist dictatorship and reinstate the monarchy in the form of Charles III, leader of the loyalist underground. Unfortunately the Russian and Prussian leaders' real intention is to take Britain for their own purposes.

Meanwhile, as Firefrost's destructive influence becomes increasingly apparent, Arkwright must obtain King Charles' signature on the treaty and deliver the substantial war loan to the revolutionary army.

Now read on . . . . .

GIDEON STARGRAVE

Trapped in a world warped by a defective time machine, Gideon Stargrave—part time anarchist, raconteur and wit is sought by the mysterious Jan Dark, who reveals an insidious Vatican plot to destroy the world by invoking the Ragnarok—the Twilight of the Gods of Norse myth.

Pursued by killer priests through the decaying time-scape of London, Stargrave and Jan find themselves in a helicopter bound for Rome—a helicopter which suddenly becomes a flying target!!!

USE THE SOUND PISTOL, JAN ~ IT'S ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LAUGH...

OK.

MORE SPEED! THEY'RE CLOSING.

GIDEON STARGRAVE:

At last, "PICTURES *that* TALK *like* LIVING PEOPLE!"

YOU ARE HERE

PRELUDE RAGNARÖK

THE VATICAN CONSPIRACY : II ~ OCT. 1970

by Grant T. Morrison

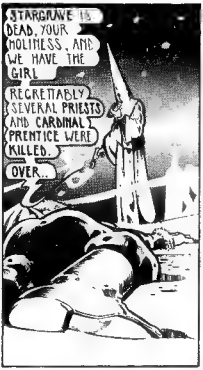
OH MY SAINTED AUNT!
DOWN!
WHA? EEEAH!
IF THERE'S ANYTHING THAT IRRITATES ME IT'S A LOONY WITH A MACHINE GUN...
UNLESS IT'S ME.
AH, THREE OF THE SON'S
SNO-CAT.
OK.. WHEN THIS GOES UP HEAD FOR THE
PREPARED!
TOO FAR FOR THE GUN.
BUT MY MOTTO'S ALWAYS BEEN 'BE..
BANG.

2 PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

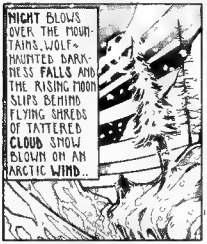
THEY'RE AFTER US ALREADY!
QUICK!
..GOOD MORNING CAMPERS!

HELP!
WHEN WILL IT EVER STOP RAINING?
IT USED TO BE SO EASY
..IN THE '60S.
EVERYTHING FITTED
BUT NOW IT'S SO COLD, AND I'M LOST
..IN THE DARK AND THE RAIN...
OK NOW, HANG ON...
WHAT IS IT?..
GIDEON! THEY JUST MISSED!
WHAT...
..TIGHT!
NO!!
Filthy, merciless witches!
CLOUDS OF SNOW RISE LIKE WAVES. MACHINE GUNS SPRAY DEADLY HEAT GIDEON GUNS THE MOTOR, FEELING THE BLINDING SPEED AND THE QUICK FROZEN STING OF THE RUSHING AIR ON HIS FACE CHAOS CAN BE SUCH FUN!
NEAT, EH?

HAH!
I KNEW THEY COULDN'T ALL MAKE IT
RIGHT. NOW THERE'S TWO SO WE FIGHT BACK.
THERE'S A GRENADE IN MY
POCKET, SO IF YOU
CAN USE THAT AND
THEN
JAN!
WHERE ARE
WATCH!
JAN DARK?
COME WITH US.
JAN!
NO!

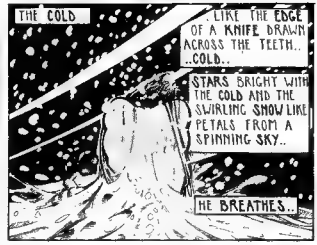

STARGRAVE IS DEAD. YOUR MOLIMESS, AND WE HAVE THE GIRL.
REGRETTABLY SEVERAL PRIESTS AND CARDINAL PRENTICE WERE KILLED.
OVER..

I WANT THE GIRL DESTROYED. BODY AND SOUL. BUT FIRST FIND OUT WHAT SHE KNOWS ABOUT THE RAGNAROK.
AS FOR STARGRAVE, NEVER BELIEVE HE'S DEAD.
SEND SISTER MARY. SHE'LL MAKE SURE... MAKE SURE
OVER..
OVER AND
OUT.


NIGHT BLOWS OVER THE MOUNTAINS. WOLF-HAUNTED DARKNESS FALLS AND THE RISING MOON SLIPS BEHIND FLYING SHREDS OF TATTERED CLOUD SNOW BLOWN ON AN ARCTIC WIND..

NOTHING..

MOVES..


THE COLD
..LIKE THE EDGE OF A KNIFE DRAWN ACROSS THE TEETH.. ..COLD..
STARS BRIGHT WITH THE COLD AND THE SWIRLING SNOW LIKE PETALS FROM A SPINNING SKY..
HE BREATHES..

AND RISES..

CRYPTOMNESIA
Kent:
GIVE ME THY HAND - WHO'S THERE?
Fool:
A SPIRIT, A SPIRIT: HE SAYS HIS NAME'S POOR TOM..
TOM'S A COLD-
O DO DE, DO DE, DO DE.
BLESS THEE FROM WHIRLWINDS, STAR-BLASTING AND TAKING..
King Lear: Act III, Scene 4

WILL YOU HELP..

ME? OH NO

YES..

RESOURCEFUL LITTLE BUGGER AREN'T YOU, MR. S.?

BUT NOW IT'S FINISHED. THIS IS WHERE I..

TEAR REALITY APART!

SHE LIFTS HER HANDS THROUGH COLLIDING TIME LEVELS - INVOKES ALL THE DARK POWERS OF DECAY.. CALLING ON THE NEGATIVE SIDE..

MATTER WARPS.

IT'S ALL OVER, MR. S.

THIS IS WHERE INFINITY FALLS APART..

SOMEWHERE THE MOODY BLUES ARE SINGING 'LOVELY TO SEE YOU'

THINGS LOOK PRETTY BLEAK.

TIME UNRAVELS IMPOSSIBLE COLOURS EXPLODE BEHIND STARGRAVE'S EYES FRAGMENTS OF BURNING MUSIC CRAZE THE AIR WITH WEBS OF LIQUID SOUND. AND SLOWLY, SEDUCTIVELY, HIS SOUL IS TORN, IDENTITY FRACTURES.

INTO THE ULTIMATE CHAOS OF ZERO.

WHO AM I?

I GET THE COCONUT..

RE-ESTABLISH IDENTITY

I AM GIDEON STAR.. ..STAR.. G-GRAVE..

YOU WON'T DO T-THIS TO

..ME!

NEXT: THE FENRIS FACTOR

I ASSURE YOU-- WE HAVE NOT BEGUN THE TORTURE YET..
WHY WERE YOU BROUGHT BACK?
WHAT DO YOU KNOW?--
SPEAK!!
SSSS!
HANG ON JAN!
STARGRAVE? IMPOSSIBLE -- KILL HIM!!!
NOT AGAIN DUCKY---
SCRAP
CLANK
PIPS
AAAL

FLORENCE ~ OCT 1970.
IT'S MY SISTER, GENEVIEVE'S, FLAT. SHE'S GOT LOADS OF THEM ALL OVER THE WORLD.
GIDEON STARGRAVE
OH?..
The Fear:6 Factor
by Grant Morrison
THE VATICAN CONSPIRACY: III ~ OCT. 1970
SHE DOESN'T USE HALF OF THEM
GOOD JOB I CAME WHEN I DID, EH?
D' YOU LIKE SPAGHETTI?
GIDEON?
..MM?..
BEATLES

WHAT?..
OH LOOK, DON'T MESS AROUND!
GET YOUR CLOTHES ON.
NO. MY POWER IS FOR YOU. THIS, FOR YOU.
YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
OF COURSE, JEANNE D'ARC. IT WAS OBVIOUS
AND WHAT'S THIS ABOUT POWER?..
THEY KILLED ME ON MAY 30th, 1431 I HAVE DIED AGAIN EVERY DAY SINCE, WAITING FOR YOU.
ONLY I HAVE THE POWER TO FIGHT THE WOLF. BUT IT IS YOUR ORDAINED TASK.
I WAS BORN FOR THE RITUAL ~ THIS SACRIFICE. LA PUCELLE, THE VIRGIN, MUST DIE ~ FOR THE RITUAL. MY BODY, MY POWER...
...TAKE THEM. ..NOW..
NO...I... ..CAN'T...
THE ACT IS RITUAL STRONGER THAN PAIN THE VIRGIN CRIES OUT.
AND HER POWER IS AN ENERGY GREATER THAN LIFE OR DEATH.. STARGRAVE SCREAMS LIKE A WOMAN ---- NO END ----
LATER?
I'M SORRY ~ I'M NOT SO GOOD AT IT
SO?
KILL ME
NOW WHILE THE POWER IS STRONG!
NO.. NO..
HE MUST..
..YES..
NOW!
FOR THE RITUAL
STARGRAVE FEELS LIKE NEON WITH HER POWER IN HIM SO LONG A TIME, SO MANY DEATHS
..BUT NEVER ANOTHER RESURRECTION.

THE LAST THING SHE HAD SAID WAS..
"I LOVE YOU."
3 SIGN OF THE TIMES
YOUR PROBLEM'S ALWAYS BEEN THE SAME, GIDEON
GENEVIEVE SAID...
..YOU WANT TO BELIEVE IN LOVE
LOVE IS A LIE! A JUSTIFICATION FOR SEX! SEX IS ALL THERE IS! SEX! SEX! SEX!
THE VATICAN.
THE LIBRARY HERE CONTAINS THE WORLD'S MOST EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF OCCULT AND PORNOGRAPHIC LITERATURE...
MATER CHRIST!!!
NO CHANCE STARGR...
YOU'RE OUT OF SYNCH WITH THE WORLD, LOVE, OBSOLETE..
HE HAD CRIED THEM TOO.
~HALLELUAH!!~
VIOLENCE IS SO MUCH EASIER THAN SEX. IT MAKES NO DEMANDS...

FROM THE EAST ~ GLAURAH!
FROM THE NORTH ~ CABON!
FROM THE WEST ~ GARRON!
FROM THE SOUTH ~ BERITH!
HEY, PAPA!
STARGRAVE!
PLEASE, DON'T HURT ME
DON'T YOU SEE? THEY TOOK ALL I HAD.. I'M SO ALONE ... NO GOD..
BUT I FOUND NEW GODS.. IN THE LIBRARY NEW.. SWEET GIRLS AND CRUEL DARKNESS.
YOU FOUGHT WELL ~ NOW IT'S ALL OVER. LA PUCELLE IS DEAD..
THE WOLF COMES
CUT THE CACKLE AND GET OUT OF THE CIRCLE!
TOO LATE.
THE SACRIFICE IS MADE
THEY'LL PAY...THE END IS HERE!
FENRIS COMES!
WORRH! WORRAH!
GAMBALON..
HARCOT!
TTFN PAPA.
TOO LATE. THE AIR BOILS
SOD ALL!
~ HUNGRY ~ BLOOD ~ HUNGRY!

ALL THE TERRORS OF ENDLESS NORTHERN NIGHTS. FENRIS REACHES FOR THE MOON. HIS TAIL SPARKLES WITH A SHOWER OF ICE ~ EYES LIKE THE VOID, GINNUNGAGAP

RAGNARÖK ~ THE END OF ALL THINGS IN FIRE AND ICE ~ THE SHIP OF DEATH, NAGLFAR ~ THE WORLD SERPENT, JÖRMUNGANDR ~ THE CHILDREN OF HEL ~ AND MUSPELL'S SONS RIDE OVER THE RUIN OF BIFRÖST, LED BY SURTR, WITH THE SUPREME SWORD, BLAZING BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN...

DIE!
THE WOLF FADES IN A POISON MIST. THE VALKYRIE WATCHES STARGRAVE DIMINISH.
BULLY FOR YOU.
A PRETTY NEAT CAPER, MR S.
IT BIT MY BLOODY HAND OFF
NO SHAME. IT DID THE SAME TO TYR.
OH, FAB.
ANYWAY YOU STEADIED THE EQUILIBRIUM AGAIN. SEE...
THEY'VE ELECTED A NEW POPE.
A SURPRISE CANDIDATE...
IT WAS A BRISK WIND FROM THE EAST FOLLOWED HIM OUT OF THE VATICAN CITY; GIDEON STARGRAVE, LAST OF THE MODS STEPPING OUT, WITH THE CLICK OF HIS HEELS THE ECHO OF CARNABY STREET, AND THE BEAT OF HIS HEART THE PLAY OF WIND AND SUNLIGHT ON IT'S CRAZY COLOURED PAVING...
SILLY BUGGER.
WILL THEY NEVER LEARN?
GIDEON STARGRAVE returns in.
THE ENTROPY CONCERTO!

NEXT ISSUE
A NEW Gideon Stargrave Adventure

PLUS 8 EXTRA PAGES

*** ON SATURDAY NOVEMBER 3rd.1979 ***

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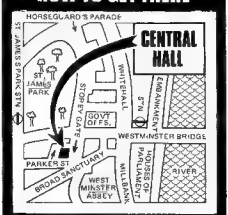

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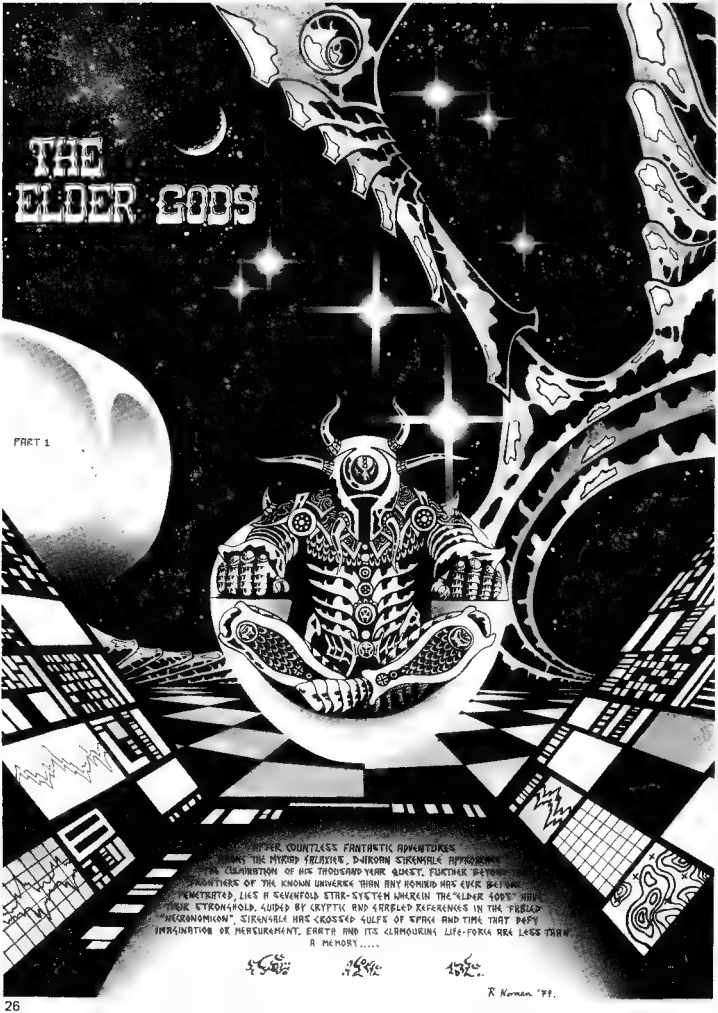
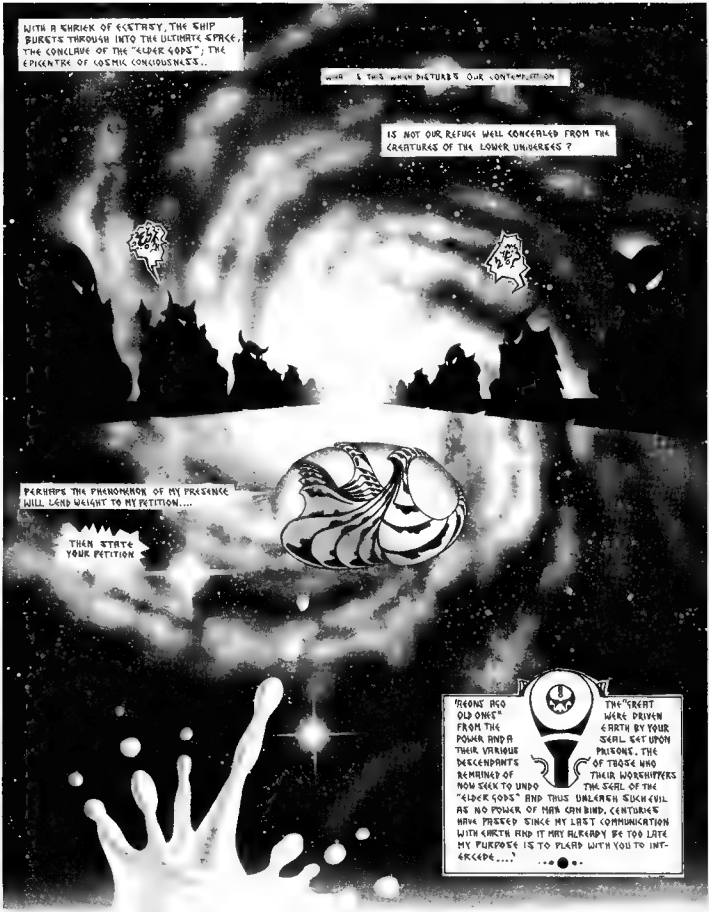
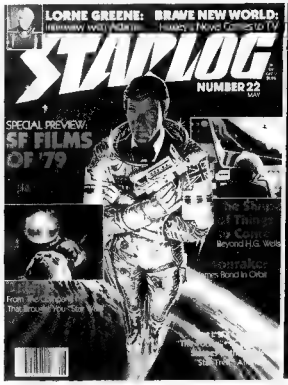

THE
ELDER GODS
PART 1
AFTER COUNTLESS FANTASTIC ADVENTURES
THROUGH THE MYRIAD GALAXIES, DAIRORN SIRENSALE APPROACHES
THE CULMINATION OF HIS THOUSAND YEAR QUEST. FURTHER BEYOND
THE FRONTIERS OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE THAN ANY HUMAN HAS EVER BEFORE
PENETRATED, LIES A SEVENFOLD STAR-SYSTEM WHEREIN THE "ELDER GODS" HAVE
THEIR STRONGHOLD. GUIDED BY CRYPTIC AND GARBLED REFERENCES IN THE FABLED
"NECRONOMICON", SIRENSALE HAS CROSSED GULFS OF SPACE AND TIME THAT DEFY
IMAGINATION OR MEASUREMENT. EARTH AND ITS CLAMOURING LIFE-FORCE ARE LESS THAN
A MEMORY.....
R Norman '89.

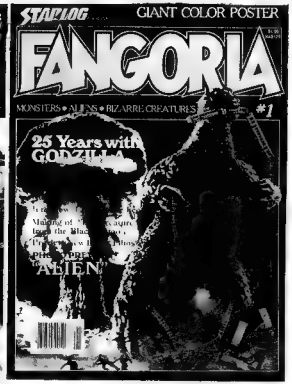
THE SHIP'S SHADOW WAS THE PLANET ONE HUNDRED DIAMETERS FROM A TYPE-G SUPERGIANT – THE BRIGHTEST OF THE SEVEN SUNS
WITHIN SECONDS IT IS DRIFTING THROUGH THE BIOSPHERE, ABSORBING THE RICH VIBRANCE OF THE PLANET'S LIFE-FORCE. THE ATMOSPHERE IS SWEET TO THE SHIP'S EPITHELIA AFTER LIGHT-YEARS OF INTERSTELLAR VACUUM

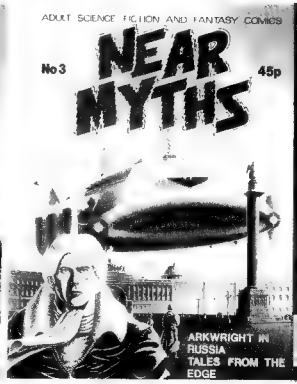
AS THE SHIP APPROACHES THE NIGHT SIDE OF THE PLANET AN AVENUE OF VAST ALABASTER COLUMNS OPENS UP; AWESOME IN SCALE AND BRILLIANTLY LIT BY THE MULTIPLE SUNSET.
THE SHIP GLIDES BETWEEN THE COLONNADES FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES INTO THE TWILIGHT ZONE A BERLON RISES OVER THE LIVING MOUNTAINS LIKE A FALSE DAWN IGNORING SIRENSALE'S ATTEMPTS TO CONTROL IT, THE SHIP PLUNGES INTO THE PYRAMID OF LIGHT NOW SUBLIMES BENEATH THE BERLON

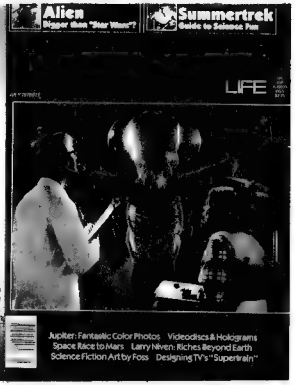

WITH A SHRIEK OF ECSTASY, THE SHIP BURSTS THROUGH INTO THE ULTIMATE SPACE, THE CONCLAVE OF THE "ELDER GODS"; THE EPICENTRE OF COSMIC CONCIOUSNESS..
WHO IS THIS WHOM DISTURBS OUR CONTEMPLATION
IS NOT OUR REFUGE WELL CONCEALED FROM THE CREATURES OF THE LOWER UNIVERSES ?
PERHAPS THE PHENOMENON OF MY PRESENCE WILL LEND WEIGHT TO MY PETITION....
THEN STATE YOUR PETITION
'AEONS AGO THE "GREAT OLD ONES" WERE DRIVEN FROM THE EARTH BY YOUR SEAL SET UPON THE POWER AND PRISONS. THE THEIR VARIOUS OF THOSE WHO DESCENDANTS WORSHIPPERS REMAINED OF THE SEAL OF THE NOW SEEK TO UNDO UNLEASH SICKEUL "ELDER GODS" AND THUS AS NO POWER OF MAN CAN BIND, CENTURIES HAVE PASSED SINCE MY LAST COMMUNICATION WITH EARTH AND IT MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE MY PURPOSE IS TO PLEAD WITH YOU TO INTERCEDE....'

R Norman 77









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CHAPTER FOUR

POINT·COUNTER·POINT

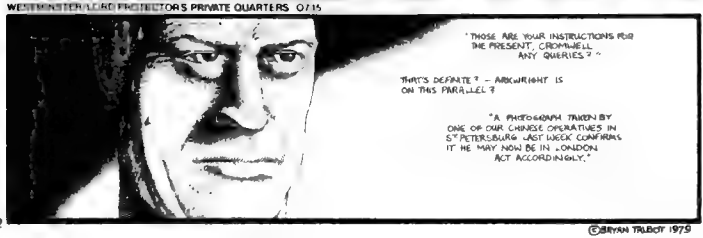
LONDON. HAMMERSMITH SLAUGHTERHOUSE PARA 00.72 87 MON 2 OCT 08.35

RANDOM SELECTION INCOMING DATA

PARA 01 23.48 BELFAST. REV. IAN PAISLEY KILLED IN MASS BOMBING SPATE.

PARA 00 26.04 INDIA PRIME MINISTER INDRA GHANDI ASSASSINATED CIVIL WAR OUTBREAK

WESTMINSTER LORD PROTECTOR'S PRIVATE QUARTERS 07.15



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KLD
KING CHARLES LEFT THE ISLE OF MAN ON THE 30TH – IT'S A FIRM ROYALIST STRONGHOLD – HE AND THE PRINCESS ROYALE HAVE BEEN THERE ALL SUMMER. TOMORROW THEY'LL BE IN LONDON
AFTERNOON FREDA. YOU CAN GARAGE OUT OF THAT PURITAN GEAR SOON. YOU AND ROSE ARE GOING UNDERGROUND
THAT IS SPLENDID SOME ACTION, JA?
SURE THING
WHERE TO?
DRIVE AROUND
YOUR CONTACT WILL BE ONE OF THE KING'S OPERATIVES
HARRY FAIRFAX – DO YOU KNOW HIM?
NO – BUT YOUR MEMORY CAN FURNISH ME WITH AN IMAGE
0716 PARA 01 52 24 LONDON EPIDEMIC OF S.H.C. CASES 728 DEAD [S.H.C. – SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION]
THIS COMMUNICATION IS TERMINATED

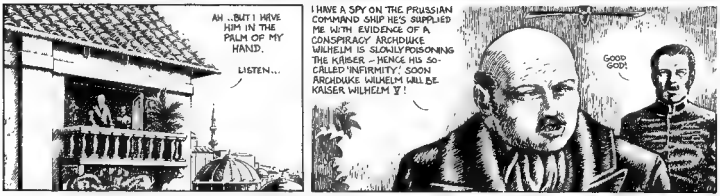
RUSSIAN TURKEY: CONSTANTINOPLE SUN 1 OCT 18.43 PARA 02.17.69 WASHINGTON: PRESIDENT NIXON ASSASSINATED.

"MY GOVERNMENT CAN TAKE CARE OF THINGS UNTIL I RETURN TO RUSSIA IN TRIUMPH

I'LL LEAVE THE CZARINA HERE WITH YOU, GOVERNOR - SHE'LL ENJOY THE HOLIDAY

I MEET THE ARMY AT ROTTERDAM - DOES THE EXPRESS TAKE LONG?"

"A FEW DAYS ONLY BUT YOUR HIGHNESS, I FEEL I MUST CAUTION YOU AGAINST THIS VENTURE. I DO NOT TRUST THE ARCHDUKE..."



WESTMINSTER INNER CABINET 12.14 PARA 02.17.64 WASHINGTON PRESIDENT NIXON ASSASSINATED.

PARA 00.98.02 NEW ZEALAND. U.F.O. SIGHTING EPIDEMIC.
PARA 00.89.51 SWITZERLAND. SQUADRON OF LOCKHEED STARFIGHTERS SIMULTANEOUSLY LOSE CONTROL AND CRASH ON GENEVA 382 DEAD

BOSWORTH SQUARE 08.55 MIDDLE DISTANCE: CROMWELL'S COLUMN

AND YOU, LUTHER?

I'M NOW SOLELY ACTING AS THE KING'S AGENT UNTIL THE DISRUPTORS MAKE THEIR MOVE.

KEEP THIS BAG SAFE FOR ME. BRING IT WITH YOU THE NEXT TIME WE MEET —YOU'LL RECEIVE A MESSAGE.

... TAKE ONLY THE TREATY AND LOAN.

The architecture in London's center mirrors the black/white philosophy of the Puritan Regime. In a country whose progress has been impeded by three hundred years of civil war, the capital remains the focus of Parliamentarian strength. Make no mistake here—the Civil War goes on! Although England has been ruled by a Lord Protector for centuries, the hereditary title always passing to the eldest male in the Cromwell family, the Royalist movement is as strong as ever. The Civil War may have officially ended years ago, but it still goes on "underground"—in the form of countless guerilla attacks and sabotage operations against the fascist Puritan dictatorship.

Hiras Lowolsky,
Foreign Correspondent,
New Amsterdam Herald

PARA 01.22.09 NORTH ATLANTIC QE II IN COLLISION WITH ICEBERG LOST WITH ALL HANDS.

YOU MEET FAIRFAX TONIGHT THE MAZE JOHN MILTON'S TAVERN SHOREDITCH ELEVEN O'CLOCK

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE : ONE OF THE ANCIENT OBELISKS OF HELIOPOLIS... A GIFT FROM THE FRENCH REPUBLIC TO THE ENGLISH GOVERMENT N1914 — THE DATE OF THEIR ALLIANCE..

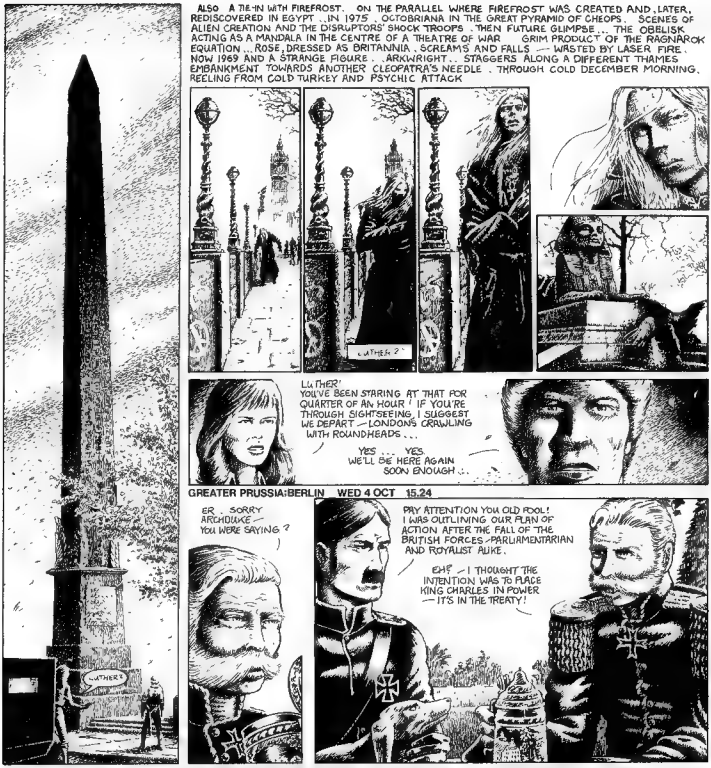
YOU CAN LEAVE AFTER NIGHTFALL ... THE REST OF THE DAY IS OURS

WE COULD RIDE OVER TO THE ROYALIST ENCAMPMENT AT ALDERSHOT

FREDA! PULL OVER AT THE NEEDLE!

1214 PARA 00 40 55 BRITAIN INSANITY RATE SOARING MENTAL HOSPITALS FULL TO CAPACITY.

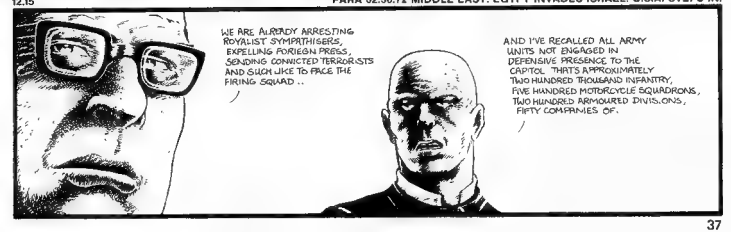
B.A.! SURELY ITS NOT THAT SERIOUS —THE MOST WE'LL HAVE TO DO IS SEND SOME TROOPS OVER TO AID THE FRENCH WHEN AND IF THEIR TERRITORY IN AFRICA IS THREATENED


ALSO A TIE-IN WITH FIREFROST. ON THE PARALLEL WHERE FIREFROST WAS CREATED AND, LATER, REDISCOVERED IN EGYPT. IN 1975. OCTOBRIANA IN THE GREAT PYRAMID OF CHEOPS. SCENES OF ALIEN CREATION AND THE DISRUPTORS' SHOCK TROOPS. THEN FUTURE GLIMPSE... THE OBELISK ACTING AS A MANDALA IN THE CENTRE OF A THEATRE OF WAR. GRIM PRODUCT OF THE RAGNARÖK EQUATION... ROSE, DRESSED AS BRITANNIA, SCREAMS AND FALLS — WASTED BY LASER FIRE. NOW 1969 AND A STRANGE FIGURE. ARKWRIGHT... STAGGERS ALONG A DIFFERENT THAMES EMBANKMENT TOWARDS ANOTHER CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE... THROUGH COLD DECEMBER MORNING, REELING FROM COLD TURKEY AND PSYCHIC ATTACK
LUTHER?
LUTHER!
YOU'VE BEEN STARING AT THAT FOR QUARTER OF AN HOUR! IF YOU'RE THROUGH SIGHTSEEING, I SUGGEST WE DEPART — LONDONS CRAWLING WITH ROUNDHEADS...
YES... YES. WE'LL BE HERE AGAIN SOON ENOUGH...
GREATER PRUSSIA:BERLIN WED 4 OCT 15.24
ER... SORRY ARCHDUKE — YOU WERE SAYING?
PAY ATTENTION YOU OLD FOOL! I WAS OUTLINING OUR PLAN OF ACTION AFTER THE FALL OF THE BRITISH FORCES — PARLIAMENTARIAN AND ROYALIST ALIKE.
EH? — I THOUGHT THE INTENTION WAS TO PLACE KING CHARLES IN POWER — IT'S IN THE TREATY!
LUTHER
1214
PARA 01 26 67 GERMANY. RHINE VALLEY SWEPT BY WAVE OF VIOLENT POLTERGEIST ACTIVITY
NO
WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO TIGHTEN SECURITY AND STRENGTHEN DEFENCES.
I WANT A TYPED REPORT FROM EACH OF YOU ON MY DESK BY SIX O'CLOCK

12.15

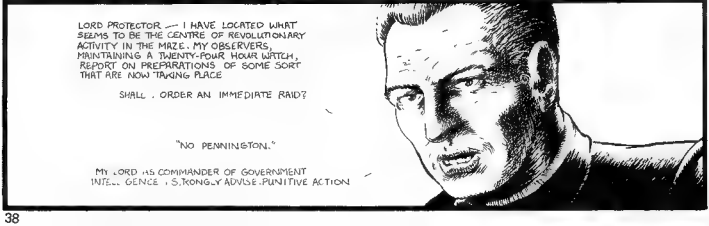
PARA 00.64 65 BRUSSELS. STORM OF GIANT HAILSTONES. DAMAGE TO PROPERTY AND LOSS OF LIFE.

PARA 02.36.72 MIDDLE EAST. EGYPT INVADES ISRAEL. U.S.A. STEPS IN.



12 15

PARA 02.85.82 FRANCE: SPECTRAL BATTLE SEEN OVER AGINCOURT FIELD.



PARA 01.71.03 LENINGRAD. S.H.C. OUTBREAK. 630 DEAD.
PARA 00.73.11 FRANCE. MASS B V.M. SIGHTING AT LOURDES. [B V.M.—BLESSED VIRGIN MARY].
PARA 02.31.94 NEW YORK. "SPEAKING IN TONGUES" OUTBREAK.
PARA 00.66.75 CORNWALL. HURRICANE SWEEPS PENINSULA. DISASTER AREA.

12.15

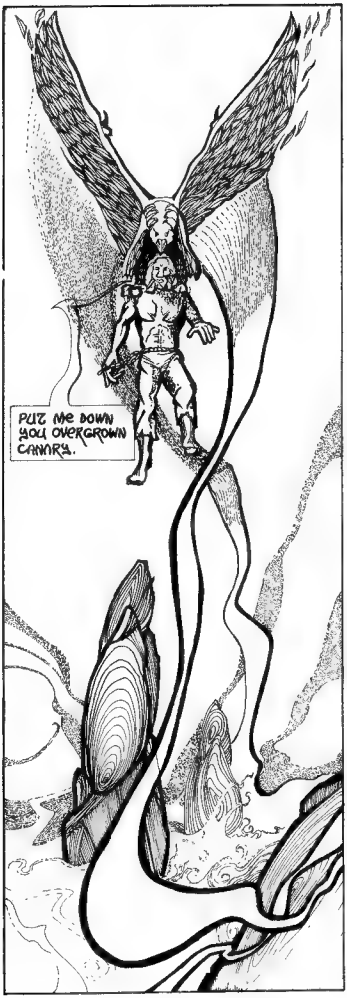
BRAINSTORM STUDIOS

To be Continued...

HAAA!
JO-HAAN..... CAN IT be you my brother?
RUSH-EL, WHAT GIVES?
NO QUESTIONS.. TAKE THIS TO THE COUNCIL WITHIN 7 DAYS IT'S...
THE LAST DEFENCE!
KOFF
OH NO! WOULDN'T YA KNOW IT...
...AND HERE I WAS EXPECTING ANOTHER BORING SUNDAY IN THE DALE OF SEIRE-MUD
Les SCOTT 1979.

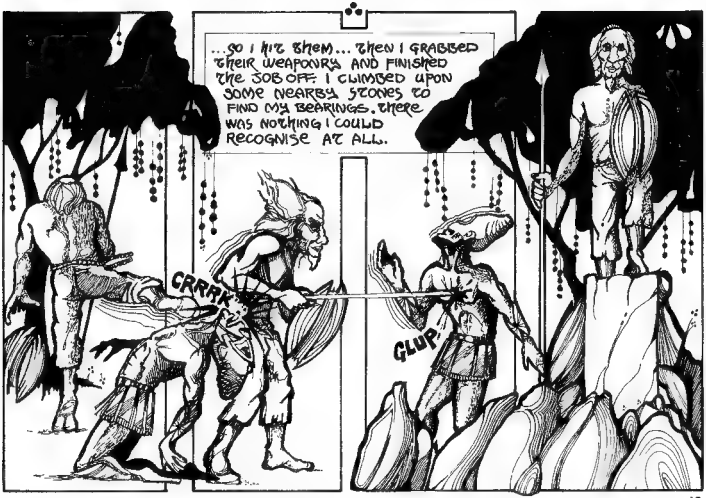
THOUGH I SAY SO MYSELF, I'M PRETTY PRACTICAL MINDED..... SO I QUICKLY PUT MY BOIL PLASTER TO GOOD USE.

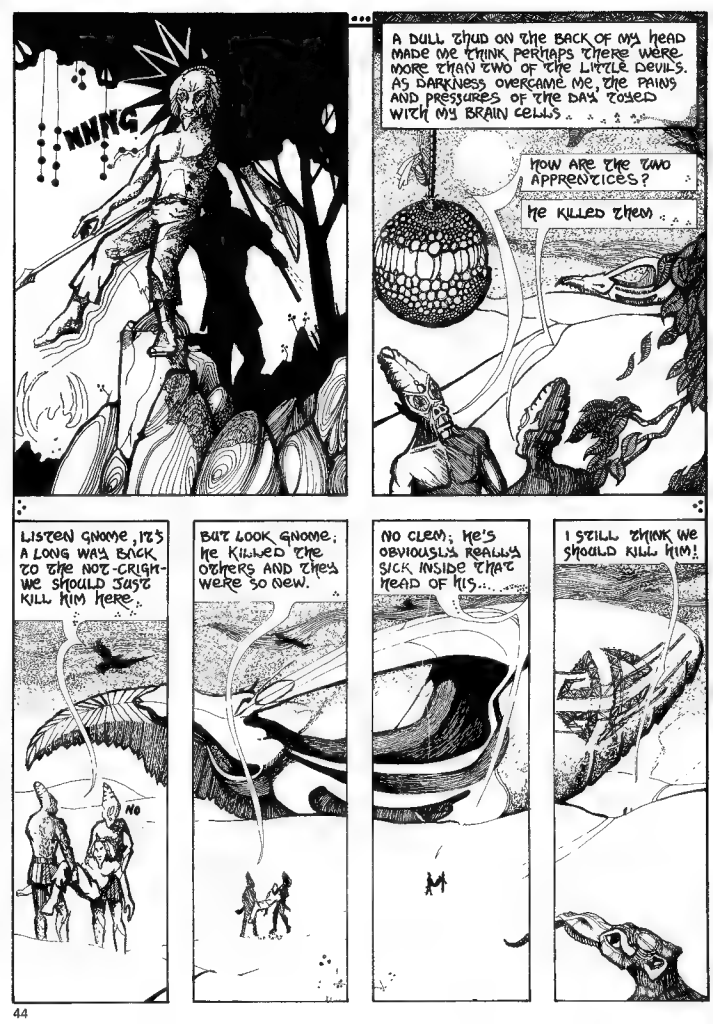
NOW I'M NOT THE PARANOID TYPE, BUT WHATEVER I LET OUT OF THAT TUBE SMELLED EXTREMELY FISHY.....OR WAS IT BIRDLIKE?

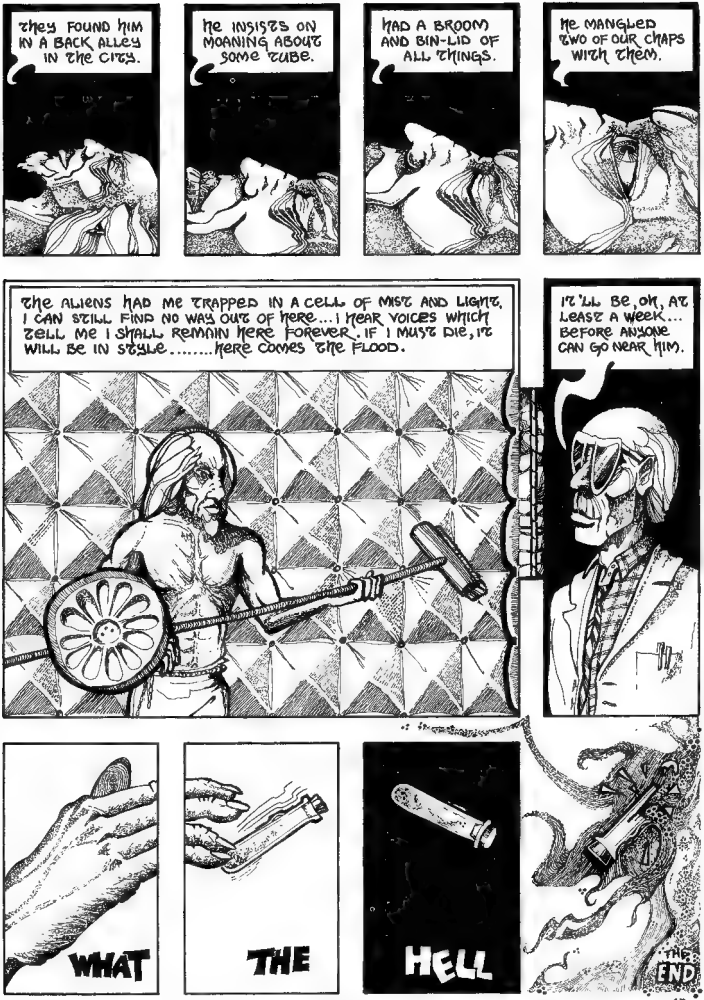

PUT ME DOWN YOU OVERGROWN CANARY.

THINGS WERE GETTING JUST A BIT TOO CRAZY... I'D HEARD OF A LITTLE GOING A LONG WAY, BUT THERE WAS NO END TO THE FAR REACHING EFFECT OF THE TUBE.
THE WORLD WAS CHANGING AROUND ME;- I TOLD MYSELF THAT IT WAS ALL IN MY HEAD, BUT MY TALONED IMAGINATION DUG TOO DEEPLY INTO MY SHOULDERS.
I WISHED IT DIDN'T, AND AS SOON AS THE THOUGHT HAD PASSED I FOUND MYSELF FALLING.....
NO, I'M NOT
EEEEEE

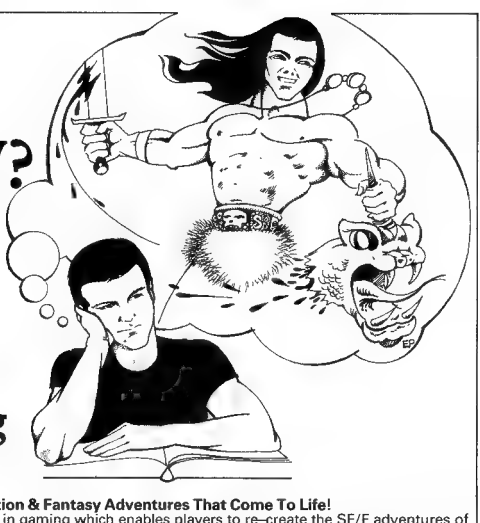
BEING THE AGILE TYPE I LANDED ON MY FEET. THE MIST CLEARED AND I SAW TWO CREATURES OF A TYPE ALIEN TO ME. I SLIPPED THE TUBE INTO MY POCKET. THEY SEEMED OBNOXIOUSLY AUTHORITATIVE. I DIDN'T LIKE THEM AT ALL.....
I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME WITH US.....


...SO I HIT THEM... THEN I GRABBED THEIR WEAPONRY AND FINISHED THE JOB OFF. I CLIMBED UPON SOME NEARBY STONES TO FIND MY BEARINGS. THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD RECOGNISE AT ALL.
CRRRK
GLUP


NNNG
A DULL THUD ON THE BACK OF MY HEAD MADE ME THINK PERHAPS THERE WERE MORE THAN TWO OF THE LITTLE DEVILS. AS DARKNESS OVERCAME ME, THE PAINS AND PRESSURES OF THE DAY TOYED WITH MY BRAIN CELLS
HOW ARE THE TWO APPRENTICES?
HE KILLED THEM
LISTEN GNOME, IT'S A LONG WAY BACK TO THE NOT-CRIGH- WE SHOULD JUST KILL HIM HERE.
NO
BUT LOOK GNOME; HE KILLED THE OTHERS AND THEY WERE SO NEW.
NO CLEM; HE'S OBVIOUSLY REALLY SICK INSIDE THAT HEAD OF HIS.
I STILL THINK WE SHOULD KILL HIM!


They found him in a back alley in the city.
He insists on moaning about some tube.
Had a broom and bin-lid of all things.
He mangled two of our chaps with them.
The aliens had me trapped in a cell of mist and light. I can still find no way out of here... I hear voices which tell me I shall remain here forever. If I must die, it will be in style.....here comes the flood.
It'll be, oh, at least a week... before anyone can go near him.
WHAT
THE
HELL
THE END

TIRED OF REALITY?



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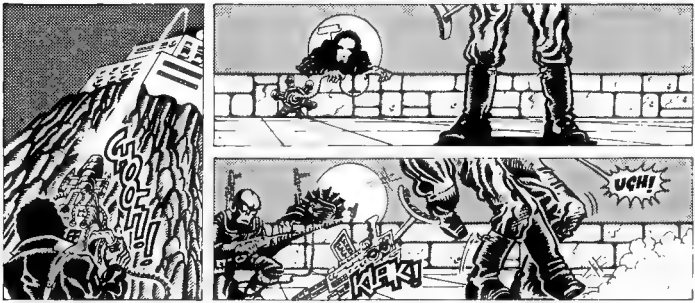
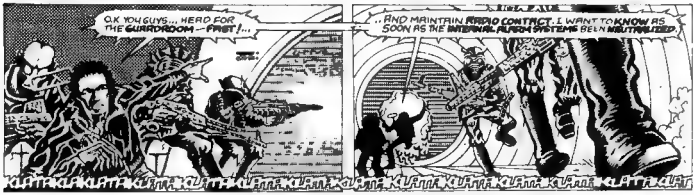
'TALES FROM THE EDGE' PART II. SCRIPT AND ART © 1979, GRAHAM MANLEY.

THE ISLAND CLOSELY [illegible] OMINOUS [illegible] IMPENDING DOOM [illegible] A SINKING IN MY GUT AS OUR [illegible] STILL, DESERTED BUILDINGS [illegible] INVOLVED IN A CURTAINLESS [illegible] I DUBIOUS STRUCTURE, WE KEEN MASSIVE RAIN [illegible] DEMENTED PUPPETEER [illegible]

DOUBLECROSS AT THE DEPTH FACTORY



THIRTEEN OF US.... I DON'T BELIEVE IN LUCK—BAD OR OTHERWISE. IT CERTAINLY WASN'T LUCK THAT GOT US INTO THE B.G.R. COMPLEX.


O.K. YOU GUYS... HERE'S FOR THE GUARDROOM—FIRST!...
AND MAINTAIN RADIO CONTACT. I WANT TO KNOW AS SOON AS THE INTERNAL ALARM SYSTEMS BE'N NEUTRALIZED.
KLATTA KLATTA KLATTA

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I EXPECTED WHEN WE WENT THROUGH THAT DOOR.A FROZEN INSTANT OF REALITY? FACES TURNED IN SHOCKED SURPRISE? HANDS POISED ABOVE COMPUTER CONSOLES? PERHAPS.IT WASN'T LIKE THAT.THE PLACE WAS AS EMPTY AS A BLOWN EGGSHELL

LISTEN. I THINK WE SHOULD GET THE HELL OUT OF ALL WRONG... IT SMELLS OF A TRAP TO ME

HERE.THIS IS

NO SEBASTIAN... ITS BETTER FOR US THIS WAY —WE CAN STILL GET THE DATA WE NEED...

I BECAME AWARE OF A WEIRD TENSION IN HOROTHAXES MANNER, BUT BEFORE I COULD ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER ITS SOURCE SOMETHING SUDDENLY IMPINGED ON MY CONCIOUSNESS—PUNCTURTING THE UNCANNY SILENCE WITH MONOTONOUS REGULARITY...

WAIT!! I'M SURE I HEAR SOMETHING...

...OVER THERE—LOOK! —SHIT!!— I'VE GOT A HORRIBLE FEELING I KNOW WHAT THAT THING IS...

I THOUGHT SO! IT'S A FUCKING FUSION BOMB!! LOCKED INTO THE MAIN COMPUTER, AND WELL INTO ITS FINAL COUNTDOWN CYCLE!!

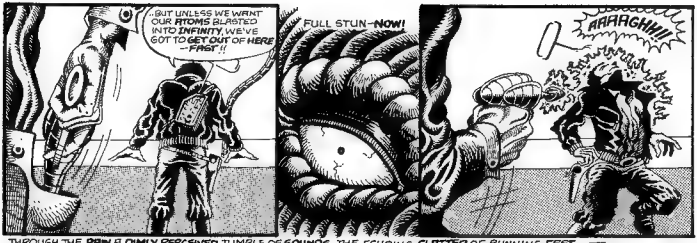
...THERE'S NO QUESTION NOW... SOMEONES DONE OUR WORK FOR US. I DON'T KNOW WHO— OR HOW—AND I DON'T MUCH CARE....

1023 KUK!

1022 KUK!

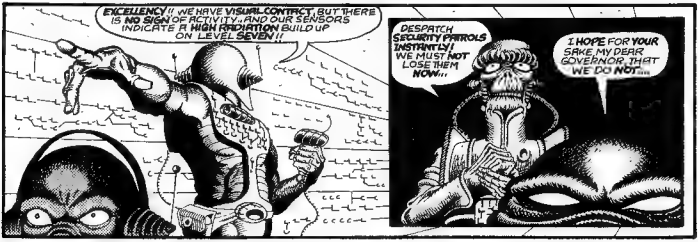
1021 KUK!

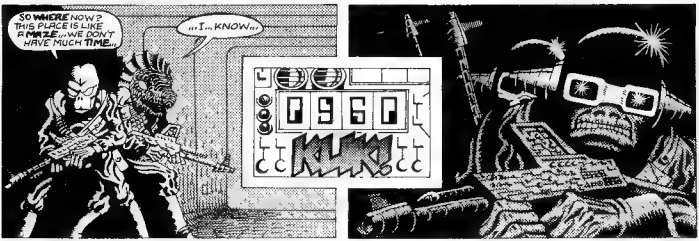
1020 KUK!

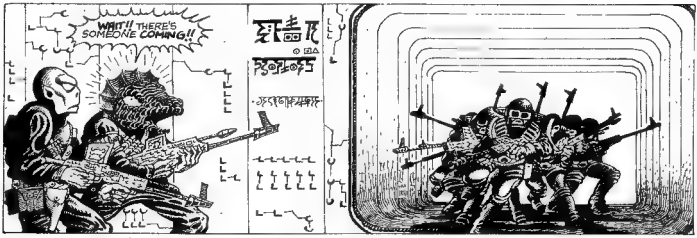


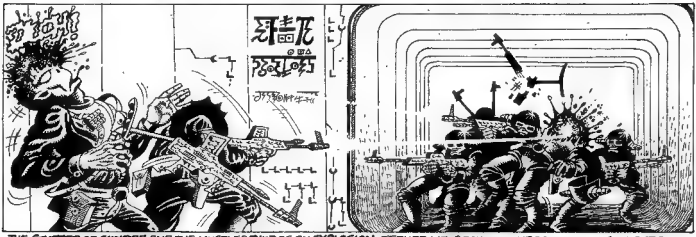
THROUGH THE PAIN, A DIMLY PERCEIVED JUMBLE OF SOUNDS: THE ECHOING CLATTER OF RUNNING FEET — SENSELESSLY SCRAMBLED SYNTAX — VENSKVANTEDIMKILT—ESWOSSWUNSMIPREN—OTTOOFINESHEEN — ....

AND THEN — AS THEY SAY IN THE CHEAP NOVELS — EVERYTHING WENT BLACK!

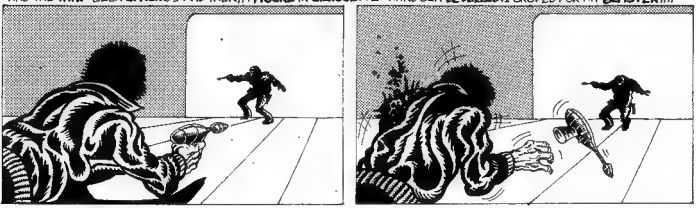








THE **SLUTTER** OF **GUNFIRE** AND THE MUFFLED **THUD** OF AN **EXPLOSION** JERKED ME BACK INTO **HERE-NOW**. WAS THIS **IT**? HAD THE **TRAP** BEEN **SPRUNG**? AND THEN, A **FIGURE** IN **SILHOUETTE** – HAND GUN **LEVELLED**. I GROPED FOR MY **BLASTER**....



COUNTESS DE QUINCEY!!
LIFE'S FULL OF LITTLE SURPRISES.... — CAN YOU WALK? I'LL TRY AND EXPLAIN AS MUCH AS I CAN!!
'HOROTHRIXES KNEW THE REAL PURPOSE OF YOUR RAID HERE — FIRST TO KILL YOU FOR, ONCE HAVING GAINED ACCESS YOU WERE EXPENDABLE — — STARVENSK HAD HIM CONVINCED THAT YOU WERE A C.D.C. PLANT — THAT YOUR BRAIN PATTERNS HAD BEEN FILTERED BY COLONEL KANSERS CEREBRO-SURGEONS....
'THE RAID — ALL A TRAP! — DESIGNED TO SNARE STARVENSK — WAH! THEY DIDN'T KNOW HE COULDN'T COME! HE CAN'T CHOOSE HIS MATERIALIZATION POINTS, THAT'S WHY HE HAS TO USE OTHERS TO IMPLEMENT HIS SCHEMES, HIS AGENTS WERE FED FALSE INFORMATION LEADING HIM TO ASSUME A CERTAIN MACHINE WAS NEARING COMPLETION HERE — A MACHINE HE DESPERATELY NEEDS TO RE-CHARGE HIS RAPIDLY DISSIPATING POWERS... HE WOULD NEVER HAVE DARED THE RAID WITHOUT YOU, FOR HE BELIEVES YOUR FATE TO BE INEXTRICABLY LINKED TO HIS OWN... THAT YOU MAY BECOME HIS NEMESIS....'
THE BOMB? — YOU?
OF COURSE — WHO ELSE? ...NOW, COME ON! THE WHOLE PLACE IS SWARMING WITH KRAVENS CLONE PATROLS
MY SHIPS IN ORBIT.... I HAVE A PORTABLE TRANS-MAT — HELP ME SET IT UP AND WE'LL BE AWAY...
A T.M. UNIT?? AS FAR AS I KNEW THEY WERE RESTRICTED TO HIGHER GOVERNMENT USE...
...AND THEN TO ACTIVATE THE MACHINE, — USING THE MOLOCHITE, THUS CREATING A NEXUS OF ENERGY THAT WAS TO DRAW STARVENSK TO IT LIKE A GRAIN OF IRON TO A MAGNET....
...A FUSION BOMB?? ...ARCHBISHOP??
GOODBYE GOVERNOR.... I'M SORRY I CAN'T SAY THAT MY VISIT HERE HAS BEEN A FRUITFUL ONE.
HAVE MY PERSONAL CRAFT IN READINESS...
AT ONCE HOLINESS...
...GOODBYE...??
0850
KLUK!
THEY ARE..... BUT ACTUALLY IT'S ALL ABOUT TO BECOME SOMEWHAT ACADEMIC.... HERE COME THE GUARDS!!
0780
KLUK!
TO BE CONTINUED...
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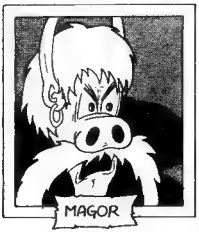
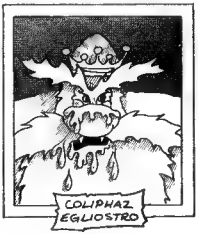
MAGOR THE MAGE

A WINTER'S TALE

Winter has fallen on Mephistoland, running its icy fingers round knees and noses and nethers. Snow has heaped mounds of itself over Castle Mysterious, icicles tinkle in beards and moustaches and anyone with any sense at all has gone to bed to sleep through it all till spring.

Written by **JOHN TAYLOR**
Drawn by **CHRIS HADDON**





CASTLE MYSTERIOUS REVERBERATES WITH THE SNORES OF SLEEPERS...

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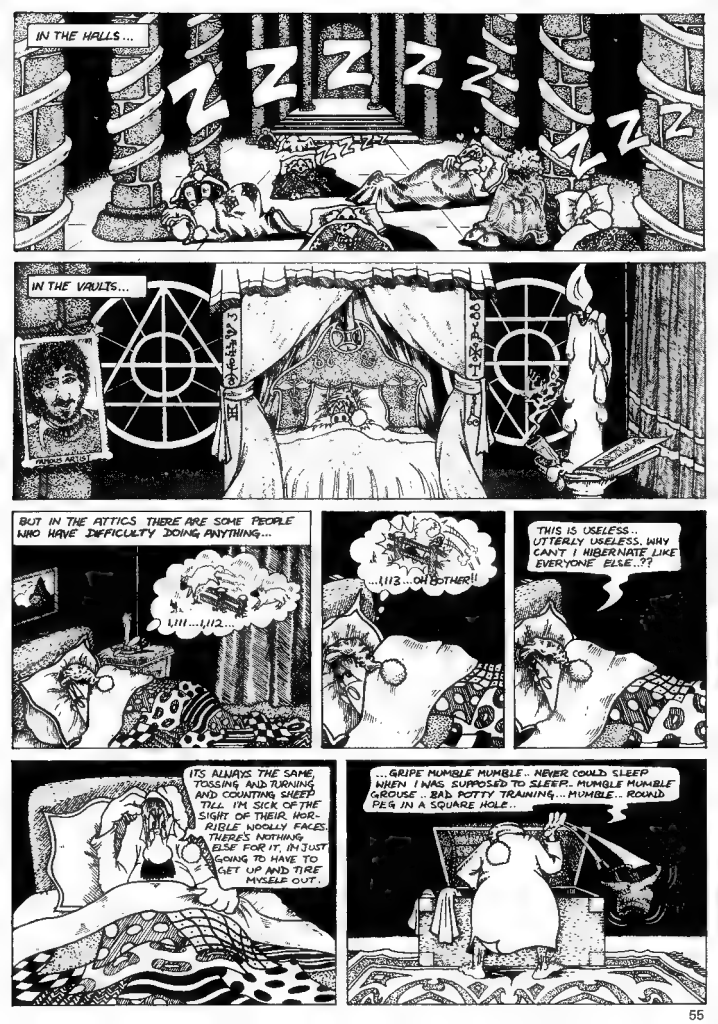
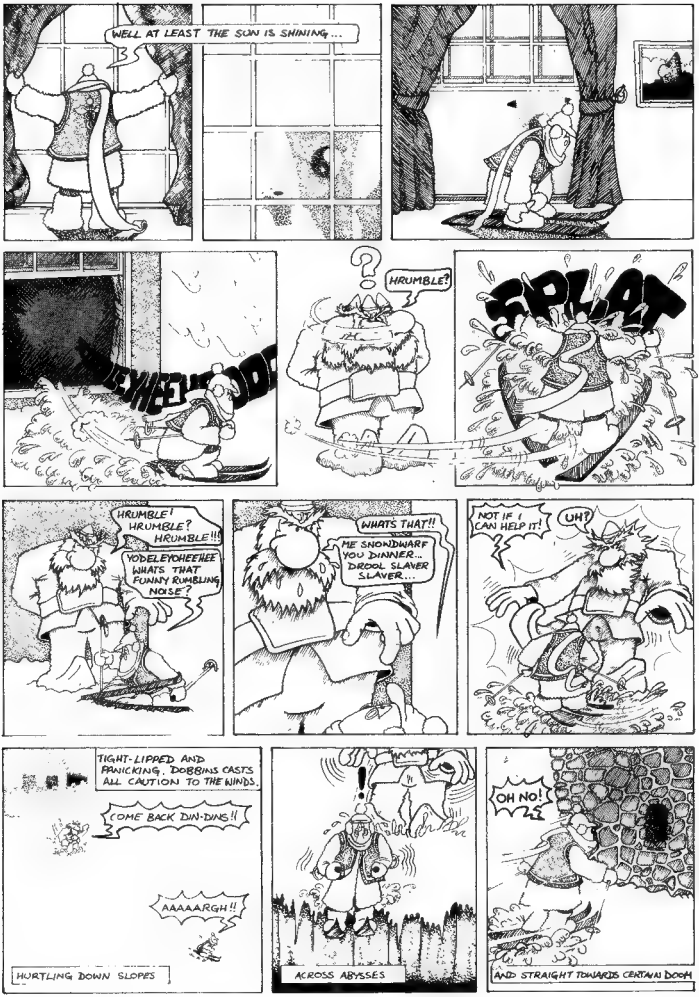

IN THE HALLS...
IN THE VAULTS...
BUT IN THE ATTICS THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO HAVE DIFFICULTY DOING ANYTHING...
1,111...1,112...
...1,113...OH BOTHER!!
THIS IS USELESS.. UTTERLY USELESS. WHY CAN'T I HIBERNATE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE..??
ITS ALWAYS THE SAME, TOSSING AND TURNING AND COUNTING SHEEP TILL I'M SICK OF THE SIGHT OF THEIR HORRIBLE WOOLLY FACES. THERE'S NOTHING ELSE FOR IT, I'M JUST GOING TO HAVE TO GET UP AND TIRE MYSELF OUT.
...GRIPE MUMBLE MUMBLE.. NEVER COULD SLEEP WHEN I WAS SUPPOSED TO SLEEP.. MUMBLE MUMBLE GROUSE .. BAD POTTY TRAINING...MUMBLE.. ROUND PEG IN A SQUARE HOLE..


WELL AT LEAST THE SUN IS SHINING...
HRUMBLE?
SPLAT
HRUMBLE! HRUMBLE? HRUMBLE!!!
YODELEYOHEEHEE WHATS THAT FUNNY RUMBLING NOISE?
WHATS THAT!!
ME SNOWDWARF YOU DINNER... DROOL SLAVER SLAVER...
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
UH?
TIGHT-LIPPED AND PANICKING, DOBBINS CASTS ALL CAUTION TO THE WINDS.
COME BACK DIN-DINS!!
AAAAAARGH!!
HURTLING DOWN SLOPES
ACROSS ABYSSES
OH NO!
AND STRAIGHT TOWARDS CERTAIN DOOM

BY A MIRACLE HE REACHES THE WINDOW AND SKIS THROUGH.

HUGH!

HRUMBLE?

HUMPH!!

HWOT?

MINIONS WILL FIND OUT WOT HAS FALLEN IN DINNER...

HITS ALL COVERED HIN HAIR AN STICKY STUFF..!

HITS FEET HAF FALLEN HOFF!!

PUT HIT HAWAY FOR BREAKFAST

BREAKFAST!!

AND SO THE SORDID SNOWDWARVES CAST THE UNFORTUNATE DOBBINS INTO THE COLDEST, DARKEST, DANKEST HEATSAFE IN CASTLE MYSTERIOUS...

LET ME OUT, LET ME OUT. I'M A DOOR TO DOOR MUESLI SALESMAN COME TO TURN YOU ON TO THE TRUE PATH OF VEGETARIANISM!!

?

INSIDE..

WHAT ARE THESE THINGS DOING HERE? WHERE IS EVERYONE? PROBABLY STILL ASLEEP. WAIT TILL MAGOR WAKENS UP AND HEARS ABOUT THIS. HE'LL SORT THEM OUT... BREAKFAST... HUMPH!! NOW WHERE DID I PUT MY MATCHES... (SCRAPE... SCRAPE..)

THE LIGHT OF DOBBINS' MATCH REVEALES MAGOR AND ALL HIS SERVANTS ENCASED IN BLOCKS OF SOLID ICE!!

INTERCOM SAUCE

ELEVENSES

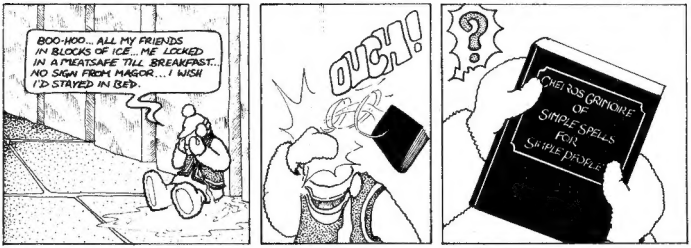
DINNER

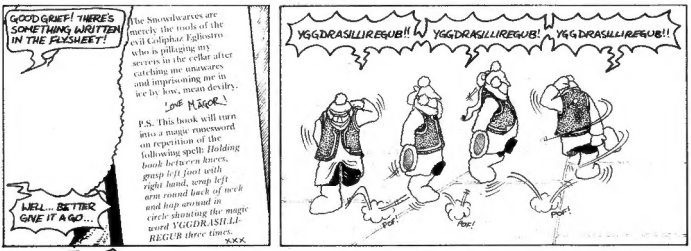
CRUNCH

TEA

SPRIEK

MAGOR OLD FRIEND MASTER, SPEAK TO ME SAY SOMETHING, GIVE ME SOME SIGN YOU CAN HEAR ME...

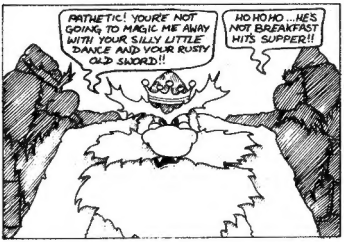

BOO-HOO... ALL MY FRIENDS IN BLOCKS OF ICE... ME LOCKED IN A MEATSAFE TILL BREAKFAST... NO SIGN FROM MAGOR... I WISH I'D STAYED IN BED.
OUCH!
?
CHEIROS GRIMOIRE OF SIMPLE SPELLS FOR SIMPLE PEOPLE

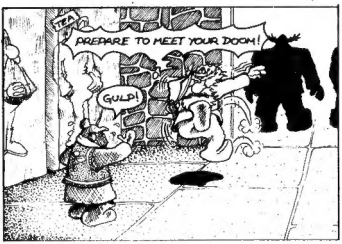

GOOD GRIEF! THERE'S SOMETHING WRITTEN IN THE FLYSHEET!
WELL... BETTER GIVE IT A GO...
The Snowdwarves are merely the tools of the Evil Colphaz Egliostro who is pillaging my sewers in the cellar after catching me unawares and imprisoning me in ice by low, mean destiny.
'OLD MAGOR'
P.S. This book will turn into a magic runeword on repetition of the following spell: *Holding book between knees, grasp left foot with right hand, wrap left arm round back of neck and hop around in circle shouting the magic word YGGDRASILLIREGUB three times.*
X.X.X.
YGGDRASILLIREGUB!!
YGGDRASILLIREGUB!
YGGDRASILLIREGUB!!
POP!
POP!
POP!

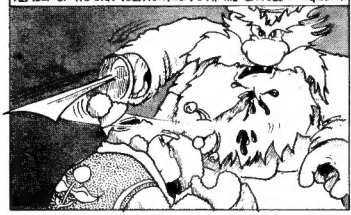
FLASH
KAPOW
SIZZLE

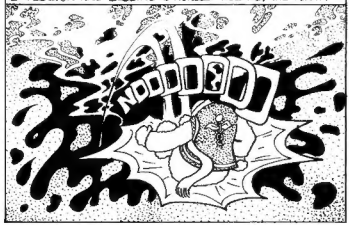
IT WORKED!!

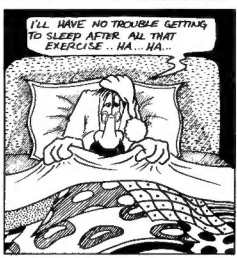
DOBBINS SUDDENLY REALIZES THAT HE IS BEING WATCHED BY THE PUTRESCENT EYES OF THE VIRULENT COLPHAZ EGLIOSTRO!!


PATHETIC! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAGIC ME AWAY WITH YOUR SILLY LITTLE DANCE AND YOUR RUSTY OLD SWORD!!
HO HO HO ...HE'S NOT BREAKFAST MYSELF!!


PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM!
GULP!







OUCH!

THUMP

I SHALL RETURN!

COLUMBAZ EGLIOSTRO!

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~CClay~